THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR THREE TO COLLECT, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1562.

Choice Poetry.

PEACE AND WAR.

FROM DICKENS'S "DOMBEDEE AND SON."

Said War, "I pray thee my playthings are:—
Now warriors glittering in the van
They're all unconscious, moved by me,
The president, the lawgiver—any man
At my beck or nod they rush to death;
Rouse—cry with hostile tones of prayer—
To the cannon's mouth. But, then, where
I strew his or lance!, by way of decay."

Said Peace, "I pray thee my playthings are;
See harvests ripening under the sun;
Let to the shuttle's whirr. With me
The weaver's happy ballet is won,
Cheered by not they toil till death.
While trade and commerce their loom weave;
The earth is not changed with their parting breath,
And I smooth their pillow as they take leave."

Said War, "I pray thee my triumphs see on—
See now how nobly my chosen fall!
Lo! to the cannon's roar, and their glow,
Where the enemy's blood lies warmest there all
The warrior's bead is upturned to the stars:
The warrior's glance low—cast in the face,
But a halo of glory fits round his scars,
And with the blood of the enemies shall he cursed
rest."

Said Peace, "I pray thee my triumphs see on—
See cities rising up the cottager's wall,
The children carol round the father's knee,
The soft-wheel turns to grind food for all.
Farther the frontier-round the pine trees need,
When Death, the stern angel, leads him away;
I call blessings down on the reaper's head,
And point to the flowers of the bright May-day."

Said War: "My triumphs are won with blood,
The ground is red best with which verse can
trouble!"
Said Peace, "I triumph in yielding food
To the human race, whose wants are such rabid!"
Said War, "I am unmoved by every land,
My trophies lookest every second dance!"
Said Peace, "Mine are raised by the small white
grave
Of Truth—and I'm interred in every home."

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.
(CONTINUED.)

PUBLISHED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "HAUNTED," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XV.

JOSEPH CAREY'S BEHEST.

To wed the earliest Lord—
She whom a longing childhood and ripe youth
Has scarce quite satisfied, whose every thought
Yours grew enamored, and who at last doth yield
Her maiden coyness, and in nuptial bond
Will link herself unto the one she loves.
Bind ye together—on the contentment bind
Either be known to other.—*Alford.*

When Judge Washington read that portion of Theodore Harvey's letter, which referred to his son and utterly fatal illness of Magdalene to the shock sustained by her on hearing of the attack, made upon Lord Cinlo's life, his suspicions as to the real state of affairs between them were, for the first time, excited. When he placed the letter in Lord Cliffe's hands, and called his attention to the paragraph in greeting, watching him, and observing the emotions that passed over his face as he distrust was increased; when Lord Cliffe returned him the letter, without one word of comment, and rising to leave, suddenly left the room, his doubts were greatly augmented. Finally, when late in the afternoon he received his last ship's note, respectfully withdrawing his suit to Miss Washington, and taking leave of the family for the present, his doubts were fully confirmed in his mind made up, and his own course of action decided upon.

But not now the last effort of friendship to the late General Mountjoy, claimed his whole attention. At the intimated hour of the decree, and, and as one himself in a high official station, he was very properly selected to negotiate with the family of General Mountjoy, on the part of the State authorities, who wished to show every fitting respect to the memory of the late revolutionary soldier, and statesman, by the performance of private grief. Thus his part in the arrangements of the obsequies accepted him exclusively for several days. The day of the funeral solemnities was one of most painful "parade" to Judge Washington.

All places of business, and all public offices were closed. The city was long in black—from marine the minutest volunteer company—and every military and volunteer companies were ordered out—the streets were crowded with citizens, civic, and military, all under the air was filled with mournful martial music, and all the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious death"

was upon the scene of sadness.

At an early hour of the day, Judge Washington's family was, as friendship demanded, with the family of the deceased.

In the absence of Dr. Goodwin, their pastor, who was still confined to his house with indisposition, Mrs. Mary Carey performed the funeral service, after the manner of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

At the close of the funeral obsequies, at a late hour in the afternoon, Judge Washington and his family returned to their own home. There he received Joseph, who was now with the bereaved household, to assist him in the evening duties. As soon as he reached home, the aged man retired to deep thought, to his study, and the girls went to their respective chambers to repose awhile, and prepare for tea.

At seven o'clock, their early supper hour, the family assembled in the parlor, and found Joseph Carey seen joined them. The solemn events of the day had thrown a shade of seriousness over the evening circle. The usual cheerful intercourse was still absorbed in deep thought. When tea was over, and they had gathered around the centre table, Helen and Virginia with their needlework, and Joseph Carey with a volume of Shakespeare, to read aloud, at Gimlin's urge of, the tragedy of King Lear, Judge Washington, in accordance with his custom, sat apart in his large, easy chair. Before obeying Gimlin's command, Joseph turned to the Judge and inquired if he were well—if the reading would disturb him?

"No, my dear Joseph—go on," replied the Judge, in a tone and manner of such familiar and soothing affection, that Gimlin turned her eyes on her grandfather, with a look full of the deepest love and highest veneration, and then upon Joseph, with an expression of security and joyous confidence. The reading went on, and the length of the play filled up the long winter evening.

At its conclusion, a half-hour was spent in conversation, and then the Judge requested Mr. Carey to read the evening prayers. Virginia arose, and getting the Bible and prayer-book, placed them on the stand before Joseph. Helen rang for the domestics, who, with quiet and orderly decorum, soon after entered, and took their places. The evening service was commenced, and ended—ended—and the domestics quietly withdrew from the room.

Joseph Carey arose to take leave, but at a sign from the Judge, he resumed his seat.

Judge Washington called Virginia to his side, and when she came and stood by him, with an amount of love and of expectation on her speaking communication.

"Gimlin," he murmured, and there was a world of affection in the tone in which he pronounced this name of endearment, "Gimlin, darling! put your hand in mine! Gimlin! the world looks very different after such a day as this, to what it does in ordinary time. Gimlin, the gaude, and splendors, and dignities of life are nothing to the aloof grass in the Greater Inn where they seem little worth to us now. Good hearts, true and warm affections, firm and honest principles and purposes, appear to me now of infinitely greater value. Gimlin!" he continued, after a thoughtful pause, "Gimlin, dearest! I wished to reunite the severed branches and estates, of your family—I wished, foolishly—for the worldly distinction of yourself in my own family. Gimlin! little, I am now nearly sure, belongs of right to another. You look surprised; you will understand, soon. You will find that title belongs, in strict justice, to another, and if it *did not*—still, knowing what I know, feeling as I feel, I should not covet the dignity for me. I wish rather to consult my own conscience, and your happiness and welfare, in bestowing you, with my blessing, upon one of fixed principles and pure affections—one of whom you once truly said that he merited my affections above all others!" Here the Judge, fondly, from his chair, and still holding the hand of Virginia, he approached, and laid it in that of Mr. Carey, saying, "Joseph, will you have her?"

What did Joseph do? what did he reply? I can not now that I clearly recollect. I suppose that Mr. Carey said everything that was expected of him and was proper to be said—while it is not unlikely either that he might have said something very foolish, and that he ought not to have said—the most well possessed and dignified person are apt to do such occasions. But Joseph did—and, besides, the question was so sudden and embarrassing. "Joseph, will you have her?" Of course he would! Judge Washington knew that well enough when he asked the question—which question, I believe, was a piece of polite compliment—a delicate apology for his long opposition—a delicate apology for his long opposition—a last consent—as though he had asked Joseph, for what I have no knew not, if he took from you, I now give you an opportunity of refusing to give him—if you were sorry! I know you cannot do." No! I do not know, certainly, what Joseph said or did—but tradition runs that he did not refuse, and significantly withdrew, and he would not have done so, Gimlin was not going to withdraw it)—raised his eyes to Judge Washington, and looked—if unutterable thoughts!

The next morning, at breakfast, Judge Washington announced his family his intention of setting out the next day for Boston, for the purpose of seeing his eldegest daughter and ward Magdalene Montjoy, and also his intention of requesting Joseph Carey to take up his abode in the house for the protection of his girls during his short absence. After breakfast the circle separated, the Judge to seek Joseph and communicate something to him, Virginia and Helen to write a letter to her brother.

But immediately Virginia recurred to charge all their plans for the present, for no sooner had Judge Washington, after leaving the hall, closed the door behind him, and advanced into the street, than he met Aidan Hawk coming to the house. Aidan Hawk "all shoes and shoes," and wearing a look of serious solicitude on his countenance. No sooner had Judge Washington caught sight of the vast countenance of Aidan's man, newly shaven, neatly dressed, leaning lightly upon his staff, and wearing that look of triumph, than the whole truth of Aidan's mission to town flashed upon the Judge's mind.

"Well, Aidan?" he said, eagerly.

"Well, sir, yes, I am shorted!"

"Come in, old friend! Come in! You are wrong! How do you do, my dear madam?" he inquired the Judge, stepping up the marble steps before him and opening the door.

"I left Pleasant Plains day before yesterday, riding the little Billy. He was tired out at the Cross Roads where I got to last night—so this morning I hired a horse, and he fully rested his mind made up, and his own course of action decided upon.

But not now the last office of friendship to the late General Mountjoy, claimed his whole attention. At the intimated hour of the decree, and, and as one himself in a high official station, he was very properly selected to negotiate with the family of General Mountjoy, on the part of the State authorities, who wished to show every fitting respect to the memory of the late revolutionary soldier, and statesman, by the performance of private grief. Thus his part in the arrangements of the obsequies accepted him exclusively for several days. The day of the funeral solemnities was one of most painful "parade" to Judge Washington.

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"One true heart unto you, whereon your own
Might find a resting place, a home for all
Its burden or affections."

Oh, Magdalene, if the gift of that heart could only give you peace—if its consolation could purchase happiness for you!"

Magdalene did not reply in words, but pressed his hands again, and looked at him with eyes full of grateful love.

At that hold moment the noise of some one approaching the door caused Theodore to retreat to his seat. It was a servant, with clothes in the room, and placed a card in Mr. Hervey's hand. Theodore looked at it and changed color. Magdalene turned her eye on him with an expression of inquiry.

"A visitor, my dear Magdalene, whom I must see—that is all," he replied, and, rising, took her hand, pressed it, dropped it again, and left the room to go to his visitor in the parlor.

When Theodore Hervey entered the parlor, he immediately recognized the tall and distinguished, but striking figure of Frederick Lord Cliffe, as it met him as Lord Cliffe. He instantly and carefully offered his hand, shook hands with his lordship, and requested him to resume his seat, taking a chair at the same time himself. Then the supposed duel, the meeting at morning with Lord Cliffe, hoped that he was well, and that he had left the Washingtons in good health. Lord Cliffe was unfortunately not in good health, in excellent health, and that he, himself, had quite recovered from the effects of his trifling wound. He, accordingly, then threw upon that dark subject Theodore resumed to inquire. There had not—the door behind him, and advanced into the street, than he met Aidan Hawk coming to the house. Aidan Hawk "all shoes and shoes," and wearing a look of serious solicitude on his countenance. No sooner had Judge Washington caught sight of the vast countenance of Aidan's man, newly shaven, neatly dressed, leaning lightly upon his staff, and wearing that look of triumph, than the whole truth of Aidan's mission to town flashed upon the Judge's mind.

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"Come in, old friend! Come in! You are wrong! How do you do, my dear madam?" he inquired the Judge, stepping up the marble steps before him and opening the door.

"I left Pleasant Plains day before yesterday, riding the little Billy. He was tired out at the Cross Roads where I got to last night—so this morning I hired a horse, and he fully rested his mind made up, and his own course of action decided upon.

"As—in what manner, sir?—may I be permitted to ask?"

"I must resort to the subject of General Montjoy's death. By his last will and testament he acknowledged Magdalene Montjoy as his grand-daughter—the legitimate daughter of his son Theodore Harvey—and left with the surprise of a few trifling legacies to his sister and nieces, the Swans, he has left her the whole of his great income, comprising three of the most valuable plantations Virginia. He appointed Judge Washington and myself executors of his will, and in that character, Judge Washington being otherwise engaged—I have come to Boston to look into the condition of affairs, and to see Magdalene. Theodore Hervey heard this at first with great surprise, and then his countenance became ever with a look of intense delight. He appeared to speak and seemed waiting for a comment, he observed abstractedly.

"I see, that was but just—I am glad for his sake that he did it. Yet if he had died intestate, the same property would have been inherited by Magdalene, his legal heiress, because the marriage of Victor Montjoy and Margaret Hawk was a fact that could be well proved, while there was no proof of General Montjoy ever having made the *legal* decree that would at any time convince to the majority of the parties here established the marriage. The silence of the parent had been for the best purposes, and of which the lasts up to the time of the majority of the parties the marriage is fully heralded."

"Yes, sir," said Lord Cliffe, and then very cautious to hear of Magdalene, he inquired—

"Where is the young lady now, and what is the present state of her health—does her health has suffered cruelly, as I wrote Judge Washington, from the deep devotion of Theodore Harvey to her service. While she would be thus wrapped in words, hour after hour, would be so patiently by her bedside, waiting until she noticed him, or anticipating her wants before she had expressed them. Lord Cliffe had been informed that much her life was owing to the constant vigilance, the unremitting care to keep her from all that might be fatal. No, sir, I think that her state does not admit the visit of one who sees, and by which must recall to her mind painful reminiscences as yourself."

Lord Cliffe looked fixedly on the face of Mr. Hervey, but reading there nothing new or strange, he said—

"What do you mean by those expressions, Mr. Hervey?"

"Yes cannot, I pon, as I suppose, have been made acquainted with the contents of my letter, you cannot be at a loss to know that it was the report of your death that nearly killed Miss Montjoy—should you not reasonably suppose that the sight of you would agitate her greatly, in her weak state *fatally*?"

"Magdalene was not wont to be so weak?" said Lord Cliffe, with a spasm of remorse griping his heart.

"He—and yet she was very much attached to Virginia. Yes even on the eve of marriage with Miss Washington, and reported to have been married—I do not know that any great weakness was betrayed in this acute sympathy with what she supposed was the last moments of agonies."

"Did Magdalene believe me to be on the eve of marriage?" asked Lord Cliffe, with a strange blending of pain, regret, and doubt in the expression of his fine countenance.

"I take it for granted that she did."

"Yet you do not know—in fact—never heard her allude to this reported marriage?"

"Not a word, sir, that I can recall to mind that she knew all about it—the projected marriage was the subject of common rumor."

"Common rumor is proverbially mendacious—particularly so in this instance."

"Sir?"

I was not on the eve of marriage with Miss Washington—I am not engaged to that young lady, and have no intention of ever being so."

"You surprise me, sir?"

"So I judge. But to change the subject—I have not yet seen Magdalene—I will see her."

Lord Cliffe, I regret very much the necessity of repeating that it is not possible. Miss Montjoy's state is too critical to permit the least chance of excitement—the least surprise might be fatal."

"I swear, sir!"

"In that state of affairs I must request a favor of you—that is, gradually and cautiously to prepare Magdalene for my visit—for, as soon as a due regard for her health will allow, I must have an interview with her. Come, sir, when shall I see you?"

"I fear that several days—perhaps weeks, must elapse, sir," replied Lord Cliffe, greatly to every moment he was more displeased with the department of his visitor.

"I cannot wait so long!—that will not do—that can scarcely be necessary. Who is Magdalene's physician?"

"The medical attendant of *Miss Montjoy*," said Theodore, emphatically, and by his most respectful manner of naming that lady, rebuked Lord Cliffe's familiar mode of designating her, "the medical attendant of *Miss Montjoy*—is Doctor Warren."

"His address?" demanded his lordship, curtly.

"No. 2 Washington Street."

"I shall see him immediately upon this subject," said Lord Cliffe, rising, and reaching for his hat to go.

"One moment, my lord!" said Theodore Hervey, rising, impatiently, laying his hand upon Lord Cliffe's arm, and arresting his steps. "One moment!" and throwing his hand to his lover, he seized an instant, in deep, but rapid thought, on his utter fear of the "electric chain" of memory and of circumstances, that might lead to the discovery of some painful possibilities—he strange anguish—the grief! yes, much too great to be concealed—that he—the old friend—the sacred *betrothed* of a friend!—and then *his* fanaticism, and sometimes authoritative manner—"Lord Cliffe, you cannot be ignorant that the next thought was overwhelming—he turned sick and faint, reeled, held on to the back of the chair for support, while Lord Cliffe gazed at him in surprise and perplexity. "Pardon, my lord!" said Theodore, recovering himself—"ill—down! I myself can scarcely stand."

Lord Cliffe resumed his seat, and Theodore sank into a chair.

"Well, Mr. Hervey!" said Lord Cliffe, to recall him to himself.

"Well, sir!"

"You detained me!—for some purpose, I presume!"

"You!" said Theodore, and again dropped his head upon his hands—but then quickly arousing himself with an effort, he proceeded to say—"Lord Cliffe, you are going to consult Doctor Warren, and it is likely that he will tell you that an interview with a casual visitor, on many business, may not be dangerous to Miss Montjoy's security, and therefore to her life. But you can judge for yourself, whether you are nothing more than a casual visitor, after your letter, and your interview with her will be likely to disturb her quiet—to hurt her. He paused, in some embarrassment.

"To what does all this tend, Mr. Hervey?" inquired his lordship.

"Sir, I do not know what your relations with Miss Montjoy have been, may be now, or are about to be—but this I do know—that if by your mutual experience there is any exciting circumstance—any unexpected meeting—any sudden intercourse with her—that interview would inevitably be fatal to her," and so, in his deep anxiety, Theodore truly believed. "You know best now, whether, even with the doctor's permission, you can visit Miss Montjoy or not"

Lord Cliffe remained quiet, and in profound thought for some time. Then he arose, and slowly and thoughtfully paced up and down the room. Finally, he resumed his seat, and said, earnestly—

"I must see Magdalene! To be within a few feet of her, and not to see her, is intolerable! I *must see* Magdalene! I must be introduced into her chamber while she sleeps, that I may gaze on her as! Do you hear me, Mr. Hervey?"

"I hear you, sir!"

"Yet you say nothing in assent! I tell you that I *must* and *will* see Magdalene!—do you mark?"

"Forgive me, Lord Cliffe, it, as Miss Montjoy's oldest friend, I inquire by what right you claim this privilege?"

"I might, perhaps, merely cite a precedent in Magdalene herself—but I will not—I have passed hours in watching by the sick bed of Magdalene! I might go further, and demand upon what pretext you claimed the privilege of attending upon her."

"And I should reply, my lord," said Theodore, in a dark flush rose to his brow—"I should reply—by the sacred privilege of old friendship, and of my bodily claim!"

"Oh! your holy claim!" interrupted Lord Cliffe with a fine that rude sarcasm he had ever indulged.

"Yes, sir! my holy claim! however unworthy the present weaver may be—is a passport to the chamber of Magdalene, whose brother-in-law designs demand sympathy and relief. A minister's duty, sanctified by the holiest of offices, is another step towards the door, he rushed and fell!—

Lord Cliffe sprang to him, raised him, bore him back to the sofa, laid him there, and rang the bell for assistance.

Theodore Hervey was confined to his bed by extreme illness for a week. In the meantime, Lord Cliffe had conferred with the physician—telling him only so much of the story as he deemed strictly necessary—much less than he had imparted to Theodore Hervey—and claimed the right of entrance into the sick chamber. It was the afternoon of the same day, while Magdalene was sleeping, that he was admitted to see her

ALABAMA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

VISIT FROM A SPIRIT.

Miscellaneous.

MARRIAGE.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible], EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1851.

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NOTICE.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE.

COBBETT.

DIABOLICAL FUN.

FOREIGN NEWS.

CUTTING THE SKIRTS.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOODS.

FOR FIREMEN.

CUBAN INVASION.

THE HILLTOPS.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

New Publications.

FLOWERS.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Our Correspondents.

THE STEAMBOAT.

... taken from an album, which Dr. Cox published a while ago, as a production of Jenny Lind's Muse, turns out to have been copied from Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury," an excellent book, which it is gratifying to know that Jenny appreciates.

☞ A CUSTOM-HOUSE OATH.—The Boston Commonwealth gives the following as a Custom-House Oath:

You swear, ——————————,
S'elp you God. 50 cents.

Miscellaneous.

BLESSING ANIMALS.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, April 19, 1851.

REMARKS—There has been a fair amount of business done during the past week. The weather during part of the time has been quite unfavorable for out-of-door operations, and on Tuesday and Wednesday business upon the wharves was suspended in consequence of the rain. Cotton has been in limited demand, and prices are a shade lower. The supplies of all descriptions of Breadstuffs have been small, and prices are well maintained. In Groceries there has been no material change. Provisions have been in demand, and Bacon has advanced; the stock of Pork is small, and held for higher prices. Iron and Coal continue dull of sale. There is no change to notice in the Money market. Exchange on England rules at 110½a110¾, with but a limited demand.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been quite moderate; there has been a fair export demand, and prices are fully maintained; sales of 7000 bbls standard and fair brands at $4,50 per bbl, including some of a better brand at $4,62½, and extra at $4,75a5; the sales for city consumption have been to a fair extent within the same range. Rye Flour is scarce, and in demand; sales of 1,000 bbls at $3,50. Corn Meal has advanced 12½c per bbl; sales of 2,000 bbls at $2,87½—now held higher.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 18th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	12,399
Rye Flour,	bbls	1,101
Corn Meal,	bbls	664
do.	hhds	50

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat during the past week, and the sales sum up 32,000 bushels fair and prime red at 99½ca$1, mixed $1,02a1,03, and white at $1,05 per bushel. Rye is in demand, and has advanced to 70c. The supplies of Corn have been small; there has been an active demand, and prices have further advanced; sales of 30,000 bushels yellow, early in the week, at 64½a65, and since at 65; 65½a66c afloat; closing firm at our highest quotations. Oats are in demand; sales of 6,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 45a47c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The stock of Pork is small, and holders demand a material advance. We quote Mess at $15,50a16, and Prime at $13 per bbl. In Beef, nothing doing. Bacon—There has been an active demand and prices have advanced. Sales of 900 casks at 9a11½c for Smoked Hams, 8½a8¾ in salt, 8½a9c for Smoked Sides, and 7½a7¾c for Shoulders, and 6½a6½c in salt. Lard is firm; sales of 2,200 pkgs at 9½a9½c per lb, four months. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The new trade has fairly commenced, and business among the Job houses is moderatively active.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has been limited, and prices have declined. Sales of 150 hhds No. 1 at $32,50a33 per ton. A lot of damaged Chesnut Oak sold at $9 per cord.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce; small sales of good Yellow at 26c per lb cash.

CANDLES—The demand continues limited for both Sperm and Tallow Candles, at our former quotations.

COAL—The market continues exceedingly dull and inactive, but prices are unchanged; we quote Schuylkill white Ash at $3,25, red Ash $3,50, and Lehigh at $3,50a3,62½ per ton, delivered on board. Several cargoes of Bituminous Coal sold at 17½a18c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet this week; sales of 900 bags Maracaibo, Laguayra and Rio at 10½a11½c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Small sales of English Sheathing at 21, and Yellow Metal at 16½c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been exceedingly dull, and prices are barely supported; sales of 900 bales Upland and New Orleans at 10½a14½c per lb, cash and on time.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports, from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts.		Stocks.	
	1850-51.	1849-50.	1850-51.	1849-50.
N. Orl'ns, bales,	800,897	692,131	252,697	215,324
Mobile	386,788	299,073	154,717	102,678
Savannah	244,400	268,505	41,377	48,361
Charleston	294,566	286,740	53,070	59,817
Florida	127,119	140,776	39,115	36,776
Texas	23,472	19,082	4,001	1,906
Virginia	13,161	7,350	2,100	950
N. Carolina	10,511	7,572	450	540
Other Places	——	——	77,931	103,538
Total	1,900,909	1,721,259	625,458	468,985

The receipts at the different shipping ports show the following results:

Increase—	New Orleans, bales,	108,772	
	Mobile,	87,715	
	Charleston,	7,826	
	Texas,	4,390	
	Virginia,	5,811	
	North Carolina,	2,939	—217,453
Decrease—	Savannah,	24,108	
	Florida,	13,665	—37,763
	Total increase this season,		179,690

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been but little doing; sales of 100 casks Soda Ash at 2½a3 cents, Bleaching Powders 3¼; Cream Tartar at 19, Oil Bergamot at $3, and 100 tons Crude Brimstone on terms kept private.

FEATHERS—The market continues nearly bare; we quote Western at 37½a38c per lb.

FISH—The market has been quiet, and the sales are confined to small lots from store at $10,25 for No. 1, $9,25 for No. 2, and $6,75 per bbl for large No. 3. In Codfish no change.

GINSENG—No sales and none here.

GUANO—Is in moderate request at former rates.

HEMP—The market continues very quiet, and no sales have transpired this week.

HIDES—No arrivals and no sales this week.

HOPS—Are dull; small sales of Eastern and Western at 32a35c per lb.

INDIGO—The market is firm, but no sales worthy of notice have transpired.

IRON—There is no change to notice in the market; the demand for Pig Metal is limited, and the sales of Anthracite are confined to small lots at $22, 6 mos for No. 1, and $20 per ton for No. 2. In Manufactured Iron no change.

LEAD—The market is inactive. No sales.

LEATHER—Prices are firm, and the stock of Slaughter and Spanish Sole much reduced.

LUMBER—There is a fair demand for all descriptions. Sales of Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $12a14 per M feet. A cargo of Laths sold at $1,37½ per M which is an advance.

MOLASSES—The market is quiet, and prices steady; sales of 300 hhds Cuba at 19½a24c on time.

NAVAL STORES—A small sale of common Rosin at $1,25 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no sales. Spirits of Turpentine is in fair demand, and has advanced to 39a40c, cash and on time.

OILS—There is a fair demand for Fish Oils at steady prices. Lard Oil is in fair demand at 70a75c. Linseed Oil commands 80a81c in small lots.

PLASTER—Has slightly improved; a cargo of Soft sold at $3,25 per ton.

RICE—The demand is limited; sales 220 casks, in lots, at 3½a3¾c per lb on time.

SALT—An import of 2,300 sacks Liverpool fine and ground, and one of 700 sacks sold on private terms.

SEEDS—There is no Cloverseed coming in. Small sales at $5a5,50 per 64 lbs for fair and old and prime new. In Timothy and Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES—Prices are steady, but no large sales have transpired.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy is landing, from which some small sales have been made at our former quotations. In Gin no change. N. E. Rum sells in smalls lots at 26½a30c. Whiskey is held firmly. Sales of bbls at 24, and hhds at 23a23½c.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet this week, partly owing to the inclemency of the weather, but prices are maintained. Sales of 440 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 5¼a6½c per lb on time.

TALLOW is scarce. We quote Rendered at 7¾a8c per lb.

TEAS—There is a moderate demand for all descriptions without change in prices.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the sales are limited.

WINES—No large sales have transpired.

WOOL—The stock in the dealers' hands is nearly exhausted; the demand continues limited, but prices are fully maintained; sales of 30,000 lbs in small lots, within the range of our former quotations.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool but little offering; we quote Flour at 1s 3d per bbl; Grain 6d per bushel; and Heavy Goods at 20a25s per ton. Colliers are in limited demand $1,40a1,50 to Boston, $1,05a1,10 to Rhode Island, and 80a90c per ton to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Sansom Street, Philad'a.
Wilson Bradley, Publisher. Hezel Bills, Wm. Bradley, Jr., Editors. Mr. Clarke, Local Editor.

We are prepared with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms,

DRAGOON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the Intervals of Mr. Scribworth's Novelists, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have three now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

THE DEAD HAND, by T. S. Arthur.

THE BELLE OF THE SOUTH, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

THE TRIAL HUSBAND, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Horses, the Count of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

FORREST DIVORCE CASE.

The injunction against Mr. Forrest has been dissolved by Judge Ludlow, of New York, so far as it restrains him from molesting his wife on the good ground for apprehending molestation being shown; but also so far as it forbids him from disposing of his property, because he has not abandoned her without adequate support, and there is no reason to apprehend that he will dispose of his property, so as to avoid the jurisdiction of the Court.

But the injunction is retained so far as it restrains the Booth Theatre, which he has sold in Pennsylvania because the defendant has not legally changed his residence from New York to Pennsylvania, and the purchase of the theatre by parties not legally domiciled in New York, to subject him still to a foreign jurisdiction for the purpose of obtaining a divorce.

The suit having, however, been improperly commenced in a wife against her husband, without suing by a next friend, the injunction will be wholly dissolved, unless she amend, in this respect, within ten days.

THE KENT MASSACRE.

A man named Drummond is stated (we know not how truly) to have confessed his knowledge of the murderers of the Cowden family in Kent County, Md. He has implicated five others, Murphy, Sheehy, Ford, Sills and Taylor—all of whom have been arrested except Sheehy. Suspicion was awakened against Drummond, by his suddenly leaving the neighborhood on the supposed cause; he alleges that the Governor had used the murder, and knew of the murderers, to get rid of Mrs. Cowden, who has no doubt long rested under the suspicion of having been the instigator of this dreadful tragedy, seems to be in no manner implicated by the confession of Drummond, who intimates that if some of the Cowden family are not in the case of the murderers, it was their intention to have followed up the work of plunder and blood, and that other families would have been massacred the same night.

CUBA.

The Washington correspondent of the North American says that the public rumors in relation to another invasion of Cuba, are greatly exaggerated, that the Government has taken every precaution to put down the movement, should one be attempted; and that the information received by telegraph from all the Federal officers in the South, justifies the conviction that it must fail and be abandoned.

On the other hand, we see it stated that a suspicious steamer, which left Key West, and was not recognized, entered Hampton Roads on the night of Thursday week, and after communicating with the shore, left again with a large number of men on board.

TEMPORARY HOME.

The annual meeting of the association to provide a Temporary Home for friendless children and destitute children until homes and employment can be procured for them, will be held in the Rooms Seven Hall on the afternoon of the 3rd of May next, at 11 o'clock. All persons interested in the object of humanity are respectfully invited to attend.

CORDOVA VERDICT.—A Naval Court Martial in Washington, recently found Lieutenant Fabius Stanley guilty of two counts of the charge of *Conduct tending* that he had challenged his superior officer, Captain Johnson;" secondly, "*of actively Ballistograf Pistols*, against the Government of the Navy, but acting as head of "boiler" as the Court Martial, remanded the case back to it.

Varieties.

THE RESCRIPTIONS OF PARIS.—The washerwomen of the Seine, a few weeks ago, elected their queens by universal suffrage. Every washing boat or washing house presented its candidates, not exceeding three in number, and from them the queen was elected. When the queen was proclaimed, she had to make choice of her sibling, and then their majesties were invested with gilt crowns, and assigned to their places on their thrones, after which all the washerwomen escorted them in triumph to their respective quarters. The procession was accompanied by a band of music, and in the evening there was a grand banquet and ball. The queens were in every case handsome women.

TO GOOD TO BE LOST.—A few days since, a good old lady of the village, meeting a farmer in our streets on a load of hay, inquired of him if it was for sale; on being answered in the affirmative, she asked him to turn his team around and call at her residence. He complied, and in course of a mile distant. Her request was complied with, and after the barn-yard was reached, the old lady inquired the measure of a load. "Why, sartin a cord's exactly of hay for team' cows, and that while he was thinking how much it would take into the house and get the change? The driver said he guessed enough to scold the old lady and her team, and refuse to take it.

FRENCH'S HOUSE-FURNISHING.—The recent great increase of burglaries in the rural districts, has suggested an invention to Mr. French for the protection of life and property from housebreakers which he hereby generously communicates to the public. The details of the contrivance are very simple. Gold and silver coin are laid out in the premises, as in setting spring-guns. Any one of these, on being touched, explodes a percussion cap which, in falling, explodes a detonating ball against a steel fight, sets going an alarm bell, opens a window and lets down a ladder, a number of large dogs, trained to hold fast without biting *—French.*

TO PREVENT SEEDING.—A correspondent of the London Gardeners' Chronicle says, that to clear the nostril with the thumb and finger during exhalation, closes them to inhalation, and instantly will relieve a fit of sneezing in a short time. In addition to the above, we state, from personal knowledge, that a pinch of snuff will relieve, and by just before the nose, will make the sneezer perform involuntarily of a number quite different to a lady. We have found the remedy useful many a time in creeping on game in the woods.

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General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the Prometheus at York, with dates from San Francisco to the 16th, being two weeks later news. The Presidential campaign is now in full blast, and a considerable amount in the hands of the passengers. The amount of gold at Chagres when the steamer left was $2,000,000.

The fare from San Francisco to Sacramento and Stockton, at last dates was *one dollar.* A year ago it was *fifty dollars.*

Lynch Law appears in general in California. Two men have been hung during the month of May, Baxter, of Maine, and Charles Stanmore, of Massachusetts, for the murder of Mr. Appleton, of Contra Costa Shore, on the 6th ultimo, for horse stealing.

The United States Assay Office, in San Francisco, was in full blast. Messrs. Moffat & Co., who have the contract, received $100,000 in fine gold from Idaho, during the week.

Nevada City has been reduced to ashes. The fire is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. One hundred and fifty houses were destroyed, and but little to individuals to the amount of millions. This does not include the good that stole, was in the possession of the individuals, and which it was impossible to save, so rapidly did the fire spread. The loss is estimated variously at from two thousand persons, including many in Virginia, but few all.

The Northern mines on Trinity, Scott, Klamath, and other rivers and creeks, still attract much attention. Many new rich placers are reported, and the yield from Northern Mines is great part of the country.

Gold is coming high, and strenuous efforts are being made by both the Whigs and Democrats to secure the State at the next election. A great meeting had been held at Sacramento by the Democrats, at which Gen. Sumner was put forth as the choice of Colonel Baker. Resolutions were also passed in favor of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, and the election of Mr. Gwyer, representing the district in the House of Representatives, Colonel Baker and others, on the Compromise, and expressing confidence in the patriotism and loyalty of the party of President Fillmore.

Farmers in the interior are making out very merry. New discoveries have been made upon the Colorado River, in Arizona.

The health of San Francisco continues good, with the exception of the past two weeks, but the average scarcely two per day.

Building operations in that city are progressing with rapid strides. Piers are being run out in every direction, and the Bay—as soon as the new houses are being erected, streets planked, hills leveled and valleys graded.

A daily mail has been established between San Francisco and *San Jose*, and a tri-weekly mail between San Jose and Monterey.

In California the Democrats have failed in their failure to adopt some well-digested measures, to which the Legislature has committed itself, and which have been arrested except Shelton. Sinclair was awakened against Drumwood, by his suddenly leaving the neighborhood on the supposed cause; he alleges that the Governor had used the murder, and knew of the murderers, to get rid of Mrs. Cowden, who has no doubt long rested under the suspicion of having been the instigator of this dreadful tragedy, seems to be in no manner implicated by the confession of Drumwood, who intimates that if some of the Cowden family are not in the case of the murderers, it was their intention to have followed up the work of plunder and blood, and that other families would have been massacred the same night.

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POLITICAL NEWS.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.—The Legislature of Kentucky recently passed an Act, providing that the Governor should have a select of twenty-five hundred dollars, the Judges of the Courts of Appeal, three hundred dollars, the Circuit Court, fourteen hundred, Register of the Land Office, twelve hundred and fifty, &c., which *none shall be paid* counted. It is not presumed that the officers in question shall have the benefit of the mild amends *per annum* the provision expressly that they shall receive the specified salaries, *which none shall be paid* quarterly. The language is specific, and the best lawyers of Frankfort say, that the law empowers each of the officers named to draw the whole sum specified every three months. The fun of the matter is, however, that the next Legislature cannot rectify the blunder, as the new Constitution provides that no officer's salary shall be reduced during the period for which he is elected to office. Of course the above officers hold very favorable men, will not swell themselves of the opportunity.

NAPOLEON.—The sixth section of the Anti-Kidnapping Law of Pennsylvania, which section denied the use of the jails for the detention and confinement of alleged fugitives from slavery, has been repealed by both Houses of the Legislature.

ST. LOUIS ELECTION.—The following is the vote for Mayor at the late election in St. Louis: Knecht, Whig, 4,019; Hoe, Democrat, 3,385; Thos. Ant-Secession, 164. Knecht's majority over both, 310; Knecht's majority over Hoe, 685. The majorities for all the rest of the Whig candidates on the general ticket were about the same.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL LAWS.—The Hon. Judge Lane, of Ohio, in a recent letter, says with reference to unconstitutional laws:

"An unconstitutional act of Congress imposes no obligation on a State, or the people of a State, and may be resisted by an individual or a community, at will. No oath, I believe, will exist this."

GRAY FESTIVAL.—The Clay Festival, in New York, is keeping up the seventy-fifth birthday of the "Sage of Ashland," was a brilliant affair. Letters from distinguished public men were read, and speeches were made, among which latter was one by Joseph L. White, Esq., of Ohio, who, it was announced, was the choice of the Union Safety Committee of New York as a candidate for Governor, but declined positively, and discovered for the friends of Mr. Clay in that city any fealty to its organization or its schemes."

WEBSTER AT BOSTON.—Mr. Webster was received in Boston by a number of citizens of Boston, to address the public at Faneuil Hall. Application being made for the use of the "Cradle," the mayor and Aldermen declined to grant it, on the recent action of the Board upon other similar applications from the Hall Committee. As the present excited state of the public mind, it is inexpedient to grant the use of the Hall." This action has caused a great excitement. The Board which practically refused to join with the other branch of Councils, in inviting President Fillmore to occupy the city Hall.

In this state at the case, the Common Council of Philadelphia, at their recent session in Councils, unanimously requesting the Board of Aldermen for refusing Mr. Webster the use of the Hall. The Board of Aldermen met the charge by a recent action of the Board upon other similar applications from the Hall Committee. As the present excited state of the public mind, it is inexpedient to grant the use of the Hall." This action has caused a great excitement. The Board which practically refused to join with the other branch of Councils, in inviting President Fillmore to occupy the city Hall.

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He added that the resolution denying him the use of the Hall was a great mistake.

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE WOMEN'S JOURNAL AND TIMES-HERALD.

ANGEL CHARLEY.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

He came—a beautiful child—
Two winsome blue eyes looked out of his clear, white face;
His thoughts were deep and wise;
They mirrored Heaven and God.
And in his fragile form
Had tender hearts room enough
For every human thing that lived.
He came—a beautiful child—
And in the love of his mother,
Was folded close to her heart.
He lived—but to the Shadow
In youth drew up,
And laid his pale face upon the bosom
Where he slumbering rose,
To lift his eyes to the Father.

Dear, dear—but to the Shadow
In youth drew up,
And laid his pale face upon the bosom
Where he slumbering rose,
To lift his eyes to the Father.

Back to its tabernacle let us,
And patient from mortal's pain thankful,
Bow to the Eternal's decree.

My bosom, ne'! the sweetness
The angel of God must be!
My boy, when it comes to thee,
My slumbering child to attend;
When music floats on the air,
When not his mouth may be heard,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, it is thee!

My home, by one sweet token,
My Charley is not dead;
One golden clue is left me,
As on his track he sped;
Warm be some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for today,
My love would wisely perish
With his fond, my clay.

Oh, by this desolate yearning,
Which is not silly grief,
By the deep fountain of affection,
Which is not weakness,
My mute feels to Heaven:
By dreams that throng my night sleep,
By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm strong,
By presence when I pray,

I know this tie so cherished,
Which among Lonesome my heart,
Which friend of my own love,
So beautiful a one;
This presence, Supreme creature,
My unfledged, careless dove,
Like not a straight's pulse,
And watches keep of love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,
Thou gem-decked star of bliss!
Thou dearest not art heaven.
Rose bud of life and joy!
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
Still pressed to my spirit;
Hence—I have thee—in—adding
In a cowgirl to class.

Mechanic, Oct. 14, 1893.

Selected Articles.

THE INJUSTICE OF HISTORY.

The uncertainties of History are not greater than its Injustice. Says the Cardinal de Retz: "One might not in vanity of bitterness, who treat of matters with which they have not had to do, conclude, or often, when it is impossible to see into the keys that are in the locks, and to be in the table Bowles, in an infinity of occasions, more appearances, sometimes false in every circumstance, for the truth." There is good sense and sound philosophy in the observation, and the reflection has frequently occurred to me.

CROMWELL.

Among the great men of modern times, no one stands out more conspicuously, or has left a deeper impress on the age, than Oliver Cromwell. To his genius in England indebted not only for a great part of its liberty, but for the form of half her greatness as a nation. It was made by through his boldness, and energy, and perseverance, that the principles of the reformation were made subordinate to the rights of the people; by his wisdom and forethought that the toleration of that policy were laid, which made her the refuge of the wise and the artizan of enterprise. Yet, with all these, his character is misunderstood by many, and to what base and sordid motives attributed by not a few, the actions of his great career! The part of his conduct has been known only as a tyrant, or ranked as a hypocrite—his deeds denied the merit of patriotism, and his whole career seen as a bloody romper, in the sands of King glad relics. It is but recently that history has been into the hands of the people; but it is to be hoped. The collection of his Letters and Speeches, by Thomas Carlyle, was the first attempt by England towards removing the prejudices, and correcting the errors and falsehoods of popular tradition, and these herself hortionally fostered, with rank exact precision, that the top of the pole entered the socket of her iron cone, and the whole of them were placed in the bag; this was repeated at least half a dozen times. No one was allowed to come near him while this interesting juggle was performed. A great-looking Hindoo then stepped forward and declared he would swallow a snake; tapping a bag, he produced a Cobra di Capello, not less than five feet long, and as big as my infant's wrist. He stood apart, at some distance from us, and, like his predecessors, would not allow any one to approach him, for the fear of the possibility of a juggler substituted. He then, as it appeared to me, opened the bag, and pushing the head of the snake, gradually lowered it into his stomach, until nothing but the head appeared to project between his lips, when, with a sudden effort, he seemed to complete the disappearing of the reptile, and to close the mouth, as if the reptile with-in his body. After the exploration of a few minutes, he shook his head, and gradually drew forth the snake, which he replaced in the bag.

The next thing that engaged our attention was that of drawing a long, slender instrument, like a pencil, from the upper part of whose body two sections were unscrewed and screwed together. This, after taking a bandage, he passed through the pencil it upright upon a fat stone, and then without any support, climbed to the top of it with surprising agility. Having done so, he stood upon one leg on the point of the bamboo, balancing it all the time upon the stone. He then had a girdle, to which was fastened an iron socket. Springing from her upright position on the bamboo, and there herself horizontally forward, with rank exact precision, that the top of the pole entered the socket of her iron cone, and the whole of them were placed in the bag; this was repeated at least half a dozen times. No one was allowed to come near him while this interesting juggle was performed. A great-looking Hindoo then stepped forward and declared he would swallow a snake; tapping a bag, he produced a Cobra di Capello, not less than five feet long, and as big as my infant's wrist. He stood apart, at some distance from us, and, like his predecessors, would not allow any one to approach him, for the fear of the possibility of a juggler substituted. He then, as it appeared to me, opened the bag, and pushing the head of the snake, gradually lowered it into his stomach, until nothing but the head appeared to project between his lips, when, with a sudden effort, he seemed to complete the disappearing of the reptile, and to close the mouth, as if the reptile with-in his body. After the exploration of a few minutes, he shook his head, and gradually drew forth the snake, which he replaced in the bag.

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COLOR OF HOUSES.

Under this head, we find in the New England Farmer a communication in which the writer takes strong ground against the very prevalent fashion of painting houses white, on sanitary and moral distinct, and advocates for that use "the softened shades of color." He gives the following reasons for his opinion, viz.:

"Firstly—*Pure white* will not harmonize with the surrounding nature at all, except in infinitely small portions.

"Secondly—When approaching a situation, from which a good view of the house is to be had, the observer is deprived of surrounding field and forest scenery, and consequently the principal arrangement of the whole grand picture, particularly on a bright summer's day.

"Thirdly—Pure white, viewing the scene from a distance, the eye is irresistibly drawn to the house, and cannot be diverted from it, and the consequence is that it is a great task on the fair face of nature; consequently it does not give us that satisfaction that it otherwise would, and the dazzling object suffered down to some quiet shade or color.

"Again, if white is so beautiful, would not nature (where we are to look for perfection,) have used it with a more lavish hand? Certainly. But in fact of white, what do we find? Soft shades of color—the earth is *brown and green*, the trees and grass is *green*—the sky is *blue*, the *red and green*—the sky is *blue*, we adore sapphires, emeralds, rubies, amethysts, topaz, and the whole dressy suite of stone in winter.

"It is true one shade or color will not answer universally for all objects, as the size of the house is small, or in all situations; but as a *general rule*, actors in colors give us the following; the small-sized house or the one more in keeping with the greenery of foliage and flowers,—the lighter shades of coloring should be used; but in proportion as it rises in dignity or importance, or the most exposed by the barrenness of the site, the deeper and more dignified the color should be.

In support of the foregoing, he also cites *A. J. Downing* and Countess Paul Potter, both gentlemen of acknowledged taste in such matters.

ARCHCITY OF THE MEDICAL WAR.—Lieut. Reeston was in command of one six pounder gun at the battle of Bull Run, and when his men was surrounded by the enemy at (we believe,) a piece called Los Angeles, the first fire, says the Lieutenant, disconcerted three of the enemy's guns. The Mexicans appeared to be much disconcerted at this casualty. After firing several rounds from our six pounder, we found ourselves short of wad. An English sailor, who had deserted from an English ship and entered himself on board our vessel, had the rammer, and worked himself into such a state of excitement, that first he tore up his jacket and wound the shreds into wads, then his pantaloons, then his shirt. Then he stood at the gun to a state of pure nature, and with excitement. The man at the touch-hold could not fire the gun from immoderate laughter, caused by the grotesque figure of his comrade; then our naked friend exclaimed, "Fire and be blessed to you, you murdering Mexicans, it'll make you laugh t'other side of your teeth."

Wit and Humor.

NEHEMIAH FLUFKIN'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF NOTIONS.

Nehemiah Flufkin was one of those unbelievable specimens of the green horse, that occasionally confound the town-bred conceited by coming out of the ground in the form of a cabbage, and is born here with all the elements of greenness in full luxuriancy. Spite of his awful greenness, Flufkin was not a bad-natured chap, anxious to feel and please everybody. He was, in fact, a little too much so. "Be sociable," was the motto of his life, and he carried it out to the "climax of Carnival." At old school, when I" said he, pointed, you, "I studied Latin, and I always thought that meant that they hadn't any of that particular kind of coffee."—*Boston Ada.*

For the Young.

NATIVE SOIL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY MRS. ED. SIGOURNEY.

A youth was educated in the distant countries on his native land, in company with his friend and teacher. And with him were two comrades, who had accompanied him thither. The youth had been three years in foreign lands, and with joyful looks, he walked toward towards his native land. For he had been invited to return to his home with him.

Then the teacher, a noble, enraptured in him soul, rose the mountains which bordered the valley of his youth. Then his knees trembled, his pulse beat quicker, and his senses failed him, and he sank down almost his lips, and a tear ran down over his cheek.

Silent, and lost in deep thought, he suffered the past and the present spirit of his youth, rose before his soul. His hands were folded, as if in prayer, his glances rested upon the time when he left his native land, and his thoughts flew through the dark shadows of the wood, through which he had passed.

At last the sun began to sink, the road wound its way up a height, and behold! at once the whole valley lay before him, with the spire of the village where he was born, with the rippling flood that passed by his father's cottage.

And suddenly, the evening bell began to ring, like a voice calling to him from the village. And he sank upon his knees, and kissed the ground, and he cast himself upon the ground, and wept with loud sobs.

Hereupon his companions said one to another, "Behold our friend has become a child again."

And they laughed in secret with each other and mocked him.

Then the youth's teacher stepped to them, and said, "Wherefore do you turn your minds to mockery, and elsewhere do you laugh and jeer at feelings so sacred? Wherefore do you not reverence the mighty language of the heart and its powerful voice?"

And the two replied—"Why should we not laugh? He embraces the earth as if it were a living thing, and kisses the cold stone as if it had a heart."

But the teacher rebuked them severely, and said—"Oh, ye fools, and slothful of heart! Is then the life of the spirit a mystery hidden from you? Behold the ground which our friend embraces is sacred thing to him. It is the sacred and innocent youth hath consecrated it with a thousand dreams, and upon the stones which he names he sat as a child and played as a boy. Why should he not then wet it with his tears? In this earth were born, with the pulses of the feelings of life and hope. Why should he not then open his arms to clasp his native soil to his heart?"

Then the youth rose, and his face shone. As if from an unseen hovering glory, he stood above the height, and kneeled along the green paths towards his father's house.—*N. Y. Organ.*

I GOT A-GOING AND COULDN'T STOP.

A little boy, named Frank, was standing in the yard, when his father called him:

"Frank!"

"Sir?" said Frank, and started full speed and ran into the house.

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear him first call.

"I, yes, sir," answered Frank.

"Well, then," said his father, "what made you run into the street?"

"Why, sir, you first yell out right and with me," said the officer, with an air of decision that staggered Nehemiah.

When the latter answered Flufkin—"

"Smoking in the street,"

"That's it!" continued his persecutor, as though he had made a discovery.

"What's it?" asked Nehemiah.

"Why, you are the fellow the police are after."

"What are they after?"

"For slipping away without paying your hotel money."

"Well, look a'here, mister, it's pretty expensive down there, I'll have to say; but there's no counters, will that fit it?"

"Yes, that is all right—you are free now to look about the town," said the other, walking away with a supposed cheerful.

"Hi, there, you fellow, you!" only to think of the perfect after me! Well, that one so-called

THE PUMMELLING HAMMER.

A valuable medical work recently published in London, by Richard Reese, which has not yet, however, been reprinted in the United States, furnishes the following singular article. The pummeling hammer must operate somewhat on the principle of a beetle.

"This simple instrument was invented by the late Admiral Elphinstone, and is used in parts of the body affected with rheumatism or subject to gout, inflammation, and for invigorating absorbent vessels, and the whole muscular and nervous structure, in which it is desirable to bring the circulation of the blood into full action, by striking and occasionally pummeling different parts of the body which are subject to gouty and rheumatic attacks. Admiral Elphinstone had for many years been a martyr to rheumatic gout—succeeded in not only curing it, but by perseverance in the use of the pummeling hammer, he subdued the disease, and was enabled to undertake and succeeded in diminishing the sensibility or excitability of the nerves, and consequently the irritation or pulsate, so as to render them insusceptible of gouty or rheumatic action. By pummeling persons under the Admiral's system, the Admiral fancied he could render the muscles and nerves of one less liable to be affected with rheumatism, and he is therefore attributable as regarding his life to three or four hundred years. He pummelled the sideboard with a degree of fervor as he would his own body,